Foote, Henry W.

A Sermon Preached
AT
King's Chapel, Boston

E 642
.F68
Copy 1

Memorial Lessons.

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT

KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON,

ON SUNDAY, MAY 29TH, 1870,

WITH A LIST OF THE SONS OF THE CHURCH WHO ENTERED THE SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY.

BY

HENRY W. FOOTE.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
1870.
BARKER, COTTER & CO., PRINTERS,
14 State Street.

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First Lesson:

First Maccabees, Chap. IX: 9, 10;

Wisdom of Solomon, Chap. III: 1–6; IV: 8–10;

Isaiah, Chap. XLIII: 1–4.

Second Lesson:

Ephesians, Chap. VI: 10—18.

SERMON.

ACTS II, 29: "MEN AND BRETHREN, LET ME FREELY SPEAK UNTO YOU OF.... DAVID, THAT HE IS BOTH DEAD AND BURIED, AND HIS SEPULCHRE IS WITH US UNTO THIS DAY."

"THE beasts that perish" die and are forgotten; but man, if he has wrought anything glorious and serviceable, overmasters death, and survives himself in a luminous immortality of memory and praise. A thousand years and more had rolled away, since David "died and was buried," when St. Peter spoke thus. It was the day of Pentecost, and in that memorable address to the people, which converted three thousand souls and suddenly brought the Christian Church out into full day, when he reminded them of David, as touching the proudest chord of their national memories. And thus the Christian Church, at its beginning, receives its first consecration beside the ancient sepulchre of the hero-king who died ten centuries before,— even as a knight in the Middle

Ages watched out the vigils of his taking the vows of knighthood, beside the tombs of his ancestors, where cross-legged crusaders slept in stone.

The Jewish people held the memory of their captains and leaders in especial honor. To this day "the tombs of the kings" are pointed out on a rocky slope outside the walls at Jerusalem. If a man had "done good unto Israel," like the great Jehoiada, they buried him "among the kings," with royal remembrance. But the sepulchre of David alone was admitted within the walls, as his own memory was enshrined within their inmost hearts. Other tombs, even of the noblest, seemed to them to desecrate the holy city; but his to consecrate it. For in David they saw the hero-warrior, the deliverer of his country, the type of the national idea, the man whom God had raised up to make real the sublime vision of a people consecrated to himself.

Every age, and every people, builds, and renews, and crowns with flowers, the sepulchres of its heroes. It feels that its own history is written in a concrete form in the names of the men who 'have lived for it and wrought for it, who have fought for it and have died for it.' In different ways at different times the heroic type has manifested itself, — now as teacher and prophet, now as discoverer and toiler, now as

warrior, now as saint. But in all, the root of the matter is the same. The heroic quality consists in that they have "fought a good fight." They have recognized that the thing they had to do cost a battle, — and that it was worth a battle. That which makes them of enduring significance in history is, that they cast their very lives, in one form or another, into the scale. And so the gratitude of mankind builds them a monument which is a memorial not of death, but of life. It may have words of sorrow upon it, but yet it is a sign of proud rejoicing. On the tomb of the Cid near Burgos is written the last line of David's lament for his friends: "Quomodo cecidere robusti et periere arma belli." Yet the tomb testifies not so much to grief that he is gone as to joy that he has been. The very ground of the old world thrills with the presence of sacred dust which once changed the course of human events. I envy him not, who can walk the shadowed aisles of old cathedrals, without being quickened as he reads the names written on the very stones beneath his feet. Men "died and were buried" many generations ago; but "their sepulchre is with us unto this day," to quicken us to noble action and self-sacrificing service; at once to keep fresh our memory of them and to inspire a loftier spirit in us.

It is well, then, that from time to time, we should gather round these memories which are nearest to our own hearts, that great monument which proud recollection and reverent gratitude and loyal, unforgetting love have reared in our thoughts over those who, in our own supreme hour of struggle and trial, made real before our eyes the best heroism of all the historic past. To this day the Jews at Jerusalem come together at stated times to weep beside the wall which is a funeral monument of their hopes. Long ages come and go, but they never forget their tryst. Not in weeping of despair, but in tender, grateful sorrow, this broad land will to-morrow keep such an hour, and bear flowers to half a million graves of its soldier dead. We will bring these memories into the church, to make the church yet more sacred to us, as David's sepulchre was reared within the walls of the holy city. Nay, do not the names which we have written in marble on our walls speak from yonder tablet, to bid us remember, not them alone, but all who shared their service and their sacrifice?

But the higher their claim on us, and the more eager our homage of love and gratitude to them,—the more spontaneous the feeling which goes out all over this broad land, to follow to-morrow's sun from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with Memorial Rite,—the

more does it demand that we should lift up the service and all our thoughts of them into the highest consecration. We lay to-day another course on the monument of memory, at the sepulchre of our dead; the natural subject of our thought is the question, How shall we build their sepulchre? There may be a worthy, and there may be an unworthy commemoration. The Saviour of the world saw his own contemporaries "building the tombs of the prophets," while they were blind to him who was their Prophet, Priest and King. Let us see to it, that we build to them in such a spirit, that it may unseal our eyes to behold how near the Lord comes to us in the present hour, and what lessons of life the Great Healer and Consoler would teach us, as he stands between our memories and our own souls.

And, first of all, we should build the sepulchre of our dead by a living memory of them. We should guard against allowing the sentiment with which we cherish them to become cold; or any rite of remembrance to degenerate into a mere form. There are thoughts too sacred and dear ever to grow old. Love and gratitude are too much a part of ourselves, when we have once had reason to feel them, for us ever to let their flame die away in our hearts and become smothered in an ashen crust of low, self-absorbed thoughts. Go

back over the few swift years that have passed, and remember how your whole being hung on what these men did. How sacred life seemed for a time. God was more in it; because it brought opportunities of service and of sacrifice. He spoke to our hearts in the terrible sounds that rolled across the land from where these men stood in the front of battle. Whenever we remember our own deepest inward history for those years, we must remember what these men did. In the solemn light of this place, we lay the corner-stone of our living memory of them, in the remembrance of our experience in that fiery furnace where the Nation walked unconsumed, because by its side was a Divine form of cheer.

And, remembering those great years, so crowded with what these men were and what they did, we feel the fitness of crowning their graves with flowers. There is "a language in flowers," we say; they speak of that which cannot be put into words, fragrant memories and blossoming hopes, and gratitude which springs afresh as the seasons change, like the flowers of the Spring. Nothing that the Creative Hand has made is so purely the embodiment of the purest sentiment, as these exquisite blooms. It is well that they should cover every grave where one of our brothers sleeps. Let not one be forgotten! A

friend of mine visited a sick and suffering soldier, two years ago, and found his heart full of this touching memorial rite. He was himself fading away out of life with disease contracted in the camp. His only boy had given his life for his country—a little drummer boy, that was all,—but his life was all he had to give. Over the chimney hung the dead boy's drum, silent from his last march. The sick man knew that his comrades were bearing flowers to the graves of their brothers-in-arms, and feeling already that he was enrolled in that great invisible army, he said to his wife doubtingly, "I wonder if anybody 'll remember to put flowers over *me*, next year." Yes, O brother who didst pay thy part of our great ransom, neither thou, nor any shall be forgotten! Where the martyrs of the prison-house rest in peace,—where the precious dust of those who fell by the way in march and skirmish is laid in scattered spots, and graves like lonely sentinels mark the course of armies through the continent,—where pious hands have gathered up the bones of those who fell in the murderous thickets of the Wilderness,—where, like sleeping armies, the "bivouac of the dead" is encamped on ground that was shaken with the thunder of cannon, the thirteen thousand at Marye's Hill, one-half of them marked by the simple name "Unknown," the thirty-five hundred that keep

proud guard at Gettysburg, the nineteen hundred that watch at Cold Harbor the still and peaceful fields so harmless now;— everywhere, Nature herself comes to scatter some joyful blossom of the Spring, and our memories "bud and blossom like the rest," and remember, and are grateful.

A year ago I stood in the National Cemetery at Arlington, beside the stone which marks where more than two thousand unknown soldiers are laid, and saw the Chief Magistrate of this great Nation and the Heads of his Departments and the Captains of our Armies gather there to do their memory honor; and in the same procession followed humbly an old Negro holding in his hand a bunch of clover blossoms which were all he had to offer. Shall we not take it as a symbol of the universal claim which these, our dead, make on our remembrance? The proud homage of the Nation, by its rulers, is not too costly for them; and they will not disdain the humblest blooms of the grass of the field, from that race to whom they brought the light of a new hope. Call them to mind, —the young,— the beautiful,— who were themselves the flower of the land, and laid down their life in its bloom. Then bring the flowers that typify the souls which were in them, the lilies whose pure white is like their stainless honor, the violets sweet as their

memory, the passion-flower, emblem of their sacrifice. Who of us is there, whose life is not lighted up by these proud memories of friends, of kindred, who have made real to us the noblest legends of knightly virtues, of Christian chivalry? They are for us the representatives of unnumbered thousands in the land; and we know that if any out of the great army of the Nation's dead had lived at a lower level, — if any found death the refuge from a wasted or sinful life, — at least in that hour they rose to the true height of the soul, so that it is well to lay on their graves also the blue, and green, and red, the colors in which Nature herself weaves the emblem of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

And let us remember, in this hour, that there is no better way of honoring the dead than by honoring the living also, — those who shared their dangers and sufferings, — who, many of them, bear in their own bodies the burden of disease or wounds. For my own part, I see not how any can think of the Nation as stinting its gratitude, without a burning sense of shame. I am troubled, when I see the poorest private eking out his pension by grinding an organ, or displaying his poor broken body. Let us be generous, that we may be just! And let every man who deserved well of the land, from the humblest to the

highest, be assured that his record is written on living memories, — that, as the Nation looks to see in him a life which shall not fall below the height which he once reached, so she is not ungrateful nor unmindful.

In the presence of yonder memorial, we keep closest to our hearts, in this hour, the memories of our own church dead. O friends! tenderly, with reverent reserve, would I lift here for a moment the sacred veil which hangs over our mention in words of them whom we cherish in our heart of hearts. You remember how in the Middle Ages, the old Count Eginhard, as he bent over the body of his only son, slain in warfare, could say, "I had rather have my dead son, than any living son in Christendom." So may this ancient church say, "I count these among my dearest jewels in all the well-nigh two centuries of my life." Here, in those years of war, God's Messenger entered, how often, sometimes in the rumor of disaster, sometimes in that of triumph, and brought that solemn message which was received in silence and in tears.

Side by side their names are writ in marble, ([1]) from the private soldier to the division commander. From the catastrophe of Ball's Bluff to the eve of the great Surrender, those names are intertwined with the history of the time; and Antietam and South

([1]) See Note A, p. 22.

Mountain, and Gettysburg and Fort Wagner, and Bull Run and Chickamauga, and Whitehall and Spottsylvania, and Averysboro, and Cedar Mountain, and Hatcher's Run, all cast their deep shadow over these dim aisles. Shall I venture to speak of them, as one by one they come back to our memory?—One, whose name stands written first in that proud record, born into this Church, but long absent from it, who fell on that wooded hillside in the valley, whose slope was fatal to so many precious lives:—the merciful Surgeon of whom his fever-patients, in the wards where he and they were fellow-prisoners, said, "When he came, sunshine came with him, and when he went away, darkness followed," under whose care, in that house of doom, not one man died, during three weeks that he was with them, though previously they had died five or six daily:—the brave boy who lingered through eleven weeks of suffering and was released on the eve of the day when his comrades were mustered out of service; whom, when I last saw him, I remember, as I wished him God-speed, and that he might escape the dangers of the camp, as well as of the battle-field, pulling with a bright look a pocket testament from the pocket next his heart, and telling me that he should try to live by that:—the gallant gentleman, in whose veins was blood that had leapt at the first low murmurs of the

Revolution, and whose name was historic, who endured imprisonment, wounds, sickness, death, with quiet dignity of demeanor, simplicity of speech, and silent heroism of life, who could put aside the suggestion of how much he was giving up in the way of opportunity and future success, with the few simple words, "Yes, if this life were all:"—the high-toned officer, whose face, as I watched it in earliest college days, bore the marks of dignified and modest refinement, and won for his steadfast moral nature confidence and respect, that grew into admiration for the unpretending service of duty;—"Do as I do," he said, and stood up upright and firm before the enemy's rifle-pits, when the fatal bullet came:—The two brave brothers, in whose soul burned a flame of courage and manhood unquenchable; one, of whom it has been said, "he might well stand as the typical young soldier of the North," dying instantly, at the head of his men, in a disastrous battle; the other, wounded in the first skirmish of the war, winning by his gallantry as private soldier, a commission in the regular army, doing great things to avert our heaviest disaster in the West, giving up at last, by slow degrees of wasting sickness, the life whose strength was spent for his country:—two others, who singularly shared a fate, in which uncertainty slowly darkened into

assurance, that they were no more; one, among our youngest, bore from the University powers of mind and native observation, which quickly raised him from the unnoted station in which he had sought to serve a great cause. Riding alone, he was set upon by a band of guerillas, and disappeared from human sight, leaving only a fresh and beautiful memory. The other, educated in the best military discipline of foreign schools, born for the profession of arms, with his brigade of Regulars first stayed the hostile rush at Chickamauga. Like a wall of rock his men stood around him. He was seen sitting "on his horse, as cool as ever, without changing face," while the volleying line surged on toward him, — then with drawn sword, surrounded by the foe. The waves of the conflict passed over him, and when it had ebbed, no certain trace of him remained behind: — The bright, winning spirit who took up the mysterious peril of a command over colored troops, and, falling on that sand island which cost so dear, was buried with his men; his last words being: "Follow your colors," as he himself had followed the star of duty: — the rare, beautiful soul, well-named "the gift of God," who hastened home from the study of foreign culture, at the echo of war heard across the Atlantic, the color-sergeant who fell bearing the flag that he loved with his heart's blood:

—he, who bore the highest rank of any who went out from this place, idolized by his men, trusted by his superior officers, whose warm, true nature glowed with love of friends and of country, whose modesty perfected his manliness but could not hide his worth or his value to the country, who gave up his life in the great advance: — and yet two others, among the youngest and the dearest that this church gave to the cause, who fell just before the dawn of that day of Peace for whose coming they willingly died, one in the victorious march of that army which cut the Gordian knot of the war, slain in its last battle; the other, after wounds and exposures, after months of daily peril in the memorable siege, struck down by almost the last shot that rang out from the expiring Rebellion; both dying in the arms of victory.

Friends, forgive me if I touch too nearly the memories which are laid up in your hearts. Most of us, indeed, do not need it. But it is well to remind the younger among us of what was done and what example was left by those who, out of the fifty-two ([2]) sons of this church who went forth, never returned. With us they live forever as they live with God, — full of encouragement and example, privileged to be household words on the lips of children's children.

([2]) See Note B, p. 23.

"Our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone."
Such "obsequies 'tis meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But church-like, with wide doorways, to impart
Even to the heedless street."

Let us thank God for them, for their self-devotion, their trust, their truth. We will remember them with reverent love while life endures, trusting that then our memory shall be transformed into companionship.

But we should build the sepulchre of our dead not only in a living memory of them, but also in learning the lesson which they have for us. Every true life is a message from God to man; especially so is every life which goes down to the very root of things, and touches a great cause, and is transfigured by a great principle. Not only does that which such men die for, become eloquent through their deed, but the whole range of spiritual truth is illuminated by it.

First of all, they teach us to esteem the eternal relations of things. Since we have seen souls in face of the loss of what the world counts dear, living and dying for simple duty, for country, for God, — duty, and country, and God have become facts for us instead of visions. I remember that one

said to me, speaking of the calm, triumphant death of a dear friend of my own, that it was impossible to comprehend how he, who had everything to live for, could thus willingly go out from life. It was just because he had won faith, and so could set life and death at their true value. The Chaplain of the First Massachusetts Regiment says, that he bent over a man who had been wounded in a terrible battle. His shoulder was shattered, and feeling his hand benumbed, he stuck a pin through his hand, then, finding no sensation, looked up inquiringly. "My good fellow," said the Chaplain, "it means that you are dying." "Is that *all?*" was the answer. The plain lesson is, that God is so near us that, if we fall, we shall drop into His hand,—that life is good for naught except as it is spent for good,— that the things are real which are eternal.

And then, they teach us the worth of human nature. This very humanity of which we are a part, often in very rough, uncouth forms, was equal to the great demand, and really showed that it was a child of God. One who did noble service, writes, in her "Hospital Days," "When the prisoners in the great pens (in Macon jail) carved little trinkets, they 'had almost nothing to work with, and when they made anything, they put on it, Union, or Forever, or two clasped

hands, to mean True till Death.' It is a prison sign, as characteristic as the palm-branch of the Catacombs." Like unto this is the inscription which the war burnt in upon many and many a soul, which by suffering showed forth its own nobleness. Then was made manifest the loyalty, the essential truth of that human soul which God has "made in His likeness," crusted over though it may be with those things which dull its light, yet still at heart "true until death" and beyond it.

And yet again, the lesson that sacrifice is consummated in self-forgetfulness: that when we really lose ourselves in a great cause, the loss is a gain. It is not the giving ourselves to the service of duty and God, because we find it most convenient to do so: it is the giving ourselves up to it with a grand passion. I shall never forget a noble fellow whom I visited in Baltimore, among a great hospital full of men, just brought North from that frightful exposure of Belle Isle. Among the wrecks and fragments of humanity, whose image haunts me often, I was attracted to this one by a certain eager expression in his look, and stopping beside him he told me his story, and I wrote to his friends at home in Ohio. He told what he had suffered, (Alas! it was written on his poor shattered body,) with an almost stoical calmness, till I asked him how he felt when he saw the flag again.

Then a sudden rush of tears choked him for an instant, but recovering himself, he simply said, "I would go through it all again for the same cause."

And all these teachings in their life and work bear directly on the question, How we are to build their sepulchre. I answer: first,— the only worthy monument is that which we build in our personal character. We rear it when we learn, from their loyalty to eternal relations, to bring God into our smaller lives, — from the worth of their nature to make the humanity which God has given us more worthy,— from their self-sacrifice, to subordinate ourselves every day. The character which knows that it has been "bought with a price," and is hallowed and lifted up by that mysterious consecration, is a more precious memorial than bronze. Persons sometimes say to me, 'Would that it were possible for us to feel as in those days, when the contagion of a great enthusiasm lifted us out of ourselves, and we seemed to partake in a larger life.' But God came to you then, in that great experience, in order that he might be with you now. Surely, the earnest of his presence with us then should be the earnest of his continuance with us to-day. "Truly," says old Rutherford, "no cross should be old to us; we should not forget them, because years are come betwixt us and them, and cast them by hand, as we do

old clothes; we may make a cross, old in time, new in use, and as fruitful as in the beginning."

If thus, in hearts and lives that have taken up these memorial lessons into their own being, we build the memorial of our dead, we shall also be laying the foundations of that larger commemoration, which centuries will complete, in the life of the nation. As "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," so is it with those who die for their country. The nation takes up their life into its own, when its children are renewed by these high examples. In purity and disinterestedness of political life, in justice and humanity of laws, in a public spirit of love and faithfulness, "this mighty mother of us all," will bring worthy sign of grateful remembrance to her sons' graves, and show that they rightly counted her worth dying for. When Athens was threatened by the enemy, Themistocles called every citizen, man and woman, to the building of the walls, and quarried the materials from the homes of the living and the tombs of the dead. So shall the walls of this ransomed America be builded to endure, if they are wrought from our own lives and our dearest memories, cemented by our prayers and our faith.

Nay, so shall we build, not walls or sepulchres alone, but a temple for the living God.

Note A, p. 12.

The names inscribed on the monument in King's Chapel, erected

IN MEMORY OF THE YOUNG MEN OF KING'S CHAPEL

WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

1861. 1865.

Are as follows:

RICHARD CARY,
Captain 2nd Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Cedar Mountain, Va. Aug. 9, 1862,
Æ. 26.

WARREN DUTTON RUSSELL,
First Lieut. 18th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Bull Run, Va. Aug. 30, 1862,
Æ. 22.

EDWARD H. ROBBINS REVERE,
Asst. Surgeon 20th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Antietam, Md. Sept. 17, 1862,
Æ. 35.

FRANKLIN MOODY ADAMS,
Private 8th Battery, Mass. Vols.
Wounded at So. Mountain, Md. Sept. 14, 1862,
Died Nov. 28, Æ. 20.

THEODORE PARKMAN,
Sergeant 45th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Whitehall, N. C. Dec. 16, 1862,
Æ. 25.

PAUL JOSEPH REVERE,
Colonel 20th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Wounded at Gettysburg, Penn. July 2, 1863,
Died July 4, Æ. 31.

CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL,
Captain 54th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Fort Wagner, S. C. July 18, 1863,
Æ. 18.

ARTHUR CORTLANDT PARKER,
Second Lieut. 33d Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Warrenton, Va. Aug. 24, 1863,
Æ. 23.

JAMES AMORY PERKINS,
First Lieut. 24th Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Fort Wagner, S. C. Aug. 26, 1863,
Æ. 27.

SIDNEY COOLIDGE,
Major 16th Regt. Infantry, U. S. A.
Killed at Chickamauga, Ga. Sept. 19, 1863,
Æ. 33.

THOMAS GREELY STEVENSON,
Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.
Killed at Spottsylvania, Va. May 10, 1864,
Æ. 28.

FRANCIS L. DUTTON RUSSELL,
First Lieut. 4th Regt. Artillery, U. S. A.
Died May 11, 1864,
Æ. 19.

SAMUEL STORROW,
First Lieut. 2nd Regt. Infantry, Mass. Vols.
Killed at Averysboro, N. C. March 16, 1865,
Æ. 21.

CHARLES JAMES MILLS,
Brevet Major U. S. Vols.
Killed near Petersburg, Va. March 31, 1865,
Æ. 24.

Note B, p. 16.

To put on permanent record the roll of honor of the Sons of the Church who engaged in the service of their country and still survive, the following list is given. There is not one whose military record is not honorable to himself and to the cause in which he took part. In this list are included the names of several who formerly belonged to the Society but ceased to do so previously to the war, and who are recorded on the Baptismal Records of King's Chapel, — among them, the names of one who died from sickness and of two who fell in battle, but, not being 'Young Men of the Church' at that time, could not be inscribed on the mural tablet. It has seemed proper that these should be recorded here, with those who were in past years their fellow-worshippers. The names of several who have connected themselves with the Society since the expiration of their period of military service, are reluctantly omitted, as belonging more properly to records elsewhere.

*EDWARD STANLEY ABBOT.

2nd Lieutenant 17th U. S. Infantry, Nov. 10, 1862; 1st Lieutenant, April 27, 1863; died, July 8, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Penn.

CHARLES WALTER AMORY.

2nd Lieutenant 2nd Mass. Cavalry, April 9, 1864; prisoner at Aldie, Va., July 6, 1864; 1st Lieutenant, Sept. 9, 1864; Captain, June 16, 1865; mustered out, August 1, 1865.

NATHAN APPLETON.

2nd Lieutenant 5th Mass. Battery, July 30, 1863; 1st Lieutenant, June 19, 1864; wounded, May, 1864; resigned on account of disability, August 25, 1864; Captain and A.D.C., March 18, 1865.

HENRY BELKNAP.

Captain 18th U. S. Infantry, May 14, 1861; resigned, May 20, 1863.

HENRY JONES BLAKE.

Acting Midshipman, at U. S. Naval Academy, Sept. 29, 1858; ordered into active service, June, 1861; attached to Admiral Farragut's Flag-ship "Hartford," at New Orleans and Vicksburg; Ensign, Feb. 24, 1863; Lieutenant, Feb. 22, 1864; attached to iron-clad "New Ironsides," at Fort Fisher; resigned, April, 1866.

CHARLES PICKERING BOWDITCH.

2nd Lieutenant 55th Mass. Vols., May 23, 1863; 1st Lieutenant, June 7, 1863; Captain, June 29, 1863; Captain 5th Mass. Cavalry, January 7, 1864; resigned on account of disability, Aug. 23, 1864.

HENRY PICKERING BOWDITCH.

2nd Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry, Nov. 5, 1861; 1st Lieutenant June 28, 1862; Captain, May 13, 1863; wounded, Nov., 1863; discharged, Feb. 15, 1864; Major 5th Mass. Cavalry, March 26, 1864; resigned, June 3, 1865.

ALGERNON COOLIDGE, M. D.

Acting Ass't Surgeon U. S. V., at "Chesapeake" Hospital, Va., and "Portsmouth Grove" Hospital, R. I., April, 1862—May, 1863; at "Armory Square" Hospital, Washington, May, June, 1864.

CALEB AGRY CURTIS.

Acting Master U. S. N., September 1, 1861, on the "Cuba" and the "Potomska;" Acting Master Commanding, May 1, 1863, on the "Memphis" and the "Flag;" resigned, Dec. 10, 1863.

GREELY STEVENSON CURTIS.

Captain 2nd Mass. Vols., May 11, 1861; Major 1st Mass. Cavalry, Oct. 31, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel, Oct. 30, 1862; resigned, March 4, 1864, on account of disability; Brevet Colonel and Brigadier-General.

HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS.

2nd Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry, Dec. 19, 1861; 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, July 19, 1862; Captain, Jan. 2, 1864; Major and Judge-Advocate, June 26, 1865; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel; still in service.

JAMES FREEMAN CURTIS.

Major 1st California Vols., 1861; Colonel 4th California Vols., 1863; mustered out at end of war, 1865; Brevet Brigadier-General.

HENRY ROGERS DALTON.

2nd Lieutenant 14th Mass. Heavy Artillery, Feb. 12, 1862; Acting Adjutant, April, 1862; Ass't Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, June 4, 1862, serving in "Military Defences south of the Potomac" until September, 1862, then in 3rd Division 3rd Army Corps, and 1st Division 6th Army Corps; Ass't Adjutant-General, with rank of Major, in 1st Division 6th Army Corps, July 27, 1864; resigned, November 25, 1864.

GEORGE DERBY, M. D.

Surgeon 23rd Mass. Vols., Sept. 11, 1861; Surgeon U. S. Vols., June 2, 1864; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, March 18, 1865; mustered out, January 18, 1866.

FRANCIS LEE HIGGINSON.

2nd Lieutenant 54th Mass. Vols., February 28, 1863; 1st Lieutenant, April 14, 1863; Captain, July 19, 1863; Captain 5th Mass. Cavalry, January 30, 1864; mustered out, October 31, 1865.

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON.

1st Lieutenant 2nd Mass. Vols., July 8, 1861; Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry, October 31, 1861; Major, March 26, 1862; wounded at Aldie Gap, June 17, 1863; discharged for disability, August 9, 1864.

JAMES JACKSON HIGGINSON.

2nd Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry, January 6, 1863; prisoner at Aldie Gap, Va., June 17, 1863, and imprisoned at Richmond, Va., till February 1864; 1st Lieutenant, January 4, 1864; Captain, September 1, 1864; Brevet Major U. S. Vols., April 9, 1865; resigned, May 27, 1865.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Jr.

Private 4th Battery M. V. M., April, 1861; 1st Lieutenant 20th Mass. Vols., July 10, 1861; Captain, March 23, 1862; commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel (not mustered.) July 5, 1863; A. D. C. on Major-General Wright's Staff, January 29, 1864; mustered out, July 17, 1864. Wounded at Ball's Bluff, October 22, 1861; at Antietam, September 17, 1862; at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.

EDWARD WILLIAM HOOPER.

Captain and A. D. C., U. S. Vols., on Brigadier-General Saxton's Staff, June 17, 1862; resigned, May 19, 1865.

*WILLIAM STURGIS HOOPER.

Volunteer A. D. C., Staff of Major-General Banks, 1862; died at Boston, Sept. 23, 1863.

CHARLES EDWARD INCHES, M. D.

Ass't Surgeon 37th Mass. Vols., April 7, 1865; transferred to 20th Mass. Vols., June, 1865; mustered out, Aug. 1, 1865.

PATRICK TRACY JACKSON, Jr.

2nd Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry, April 16, 1863; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Mass. Cavalry, March 2, 1864; mustered out, October 31, 1865; left the service, Dec. 1, 1865.

FRANCIS L. LEE.

Colonel 44th Mass. Vols., Sept. 12, 1862; mustered out, June 18, 1863.

JAMES WILLIAM PAIGE, Jr.

In the service of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at "Armory Square" Hospital, Washington, in 1862, and subsequently at Fredericksburg, Potomac Creek, Gettysburg, City Point, and Petersburg.

SCOLLAY PARKER.

Acting Ass't Surgeon U. S. N., on the "Tuscarora," September 9, 1863; resigned, March 9, 1866.

WILLIAM WHITWELL PARKER.

1st Lieutenant 2nd Mass. Cavalry, Aug. 12, 1863; Captain, June 3, 1865; mustered out, July 20, 1865.

JOHN ELIOT PARKMAN.

Captain's Clerk in U. S. Navy, from May, 1861, to January, 1865; prisoner at Charleston, S. C., and Macon, Ga., from Jan. 9, 1864, to September, 1864.

WILLIAM EDWARD PERKINS.

Sergeant Co. F, 44th Mass. Vols., September 12, 1862; 2nd Lieutenant 2nd Mass. Vols., January 26, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; 1st Lieutenant, July 7, 1863; Captain, March 17, 1865; mustered out, July 14, 1865.

WILLIAM PRATT.

Captain 24th Mass. Vols., Sept. 2, 1861; Ass't Adjutant-General in Brigadier-General Thomas G. Stevenson's Brigade, 9th and 18th Army Corps, and 10th Army Corps, Department of the South, June 26, 1863; mustered out, April 21, 1864.

JOHN CHANDLER PUTNAM.

Captain 20th Mass. Vols., July 10, 1861; wounded at Ball's Bluff, Oct. 22, 1861; discharged on account of loss of right arm, Oct. 6, 1863; Captain V. R. C., Oct. 29, 1863; resigned, Jan. 15, 1865.

SAMUEL MILLER QUINCY.

Captain 2nd Mass. Vols., May 24, 1861; wounded and prisoner at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862; Major, Sept. 17, 1862; Colonel, Nov. 9, 1862; discharged on account of disability from wounds, June 5, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel 1st Regt. Corps d'Afrique, (73rd U. S. C. T.,) Oct. 20, 1863; Colonel, May 24, 1864; Colonel, (after consolidation,) 96th U. S. C. T., until mustered out; Colonel, 81st U. S. C. T., January 11, 1866; Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. Vols., 'for gallant and meritorious services during the war,' May 22, 1866; mustered out, Nov. 30, 1866.

THOMAS P. RICH, Jr.

Private, Co. I, 45th Mass. Vols., Oct. 8, 1862; mustered out, July 8, 1863.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT.

Volunteer A. D. C., on Staff of Major-General Banks, November 1, 1862; 1st Lieutenant 2nd Louisiana Vols., June 25, 1862; Captain and A. D. C., U. S. Vols., March 15, 1865.

DANIEL SARGENT.

2nd Lieutenant 24th Mass. Vols., Sept. 2, 1861; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1862; 1st Lieutenant, Jan. 19, 1863; Captain, Sept. 3, 1864; discharged, Oct. 14, 1864; declined promotion.

ROBERT HOOPER STEVENSON.

Major 24th Mass. Vols., Sept. 2, 1861; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1862; Lieutenant-Colonel, Dec. 28, 1862; discharged, May 31, 1864; Brevet Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General 'for gallant and meritorious services at battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern, N. C.,' March 15, 1865.

CHARLES STORROW.

Captain 44th Mass. Vols., Sept. 12, 1862; mustered out, June 18, 1863.

*FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Colonel 12th Mass. Vols., June 26, 1861; killed at Bull Run, Va., Aug. 30, 1862.

SAMUEL K. WILLIAMS, Jr.

Lieutenant 43rd Ohio Vols., June, 1861; Captain and Major of Cavalry; injured by fall of his horse and transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out at end of war, 1865.

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